

SATURDAY EVENING

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BY JOHN KOBLER

THE MAN WITH THE

CROCODILE BRIEFCASE

*The
Saturday
Evening*
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benjamin Franklin

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Sam Cummings, an American who looks like a scoutmaster, is the top man in a chancy business: buying and selling war weapons around the world.

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Cummings with his agents in Athens, where he bought Greek surplus weapons. He also does a lively business selling arms to collectors.



Bargain-basement munitions merchant Cummings owns more small arms than the British and American armies have in service.

ON A FEW DAYS' NOTICE HE CAN EQUIP ANY INFANTRY CORPS ANYWHERE."

One morning last September I sat on a sun-baked terrace high above the Mediterranean, talking to a resident of Monaco who for the last ten years has been furnishing arms to foreign governments. In the popular mind such a figure evokes images of the archetypal "merchants of death," distributing their noxious wares with debonair cynicism among belligerents of every political stripe. Men without a country—so the classic accounts run—exotic and sinister, their origins veiled in darkest mystery, they sneer at national loyalties, manipulate prime ministers like puppets, and everywhere sow intrigue and corruption.

The man I talked to, and later accompanied halfway around the globe, is a thirty-four-year-old native American named Samuel Cummings. He chose Monaco as his legal residence because of its lenient tax laws, but he retains his American citizenship. As founder and sole owner of Interarmco (International Armament Corporation), Cummings is the world's leading arms merchant. Of the total American and British export-import gun trade, about 85 percent passes through his warehouses. He has, in fact, had a hand in almost every important arms deal outside the East Bloc during the last decade.

When West Germany began rearming, the first weapons she acquired included several thousand MG-42 light machine guns supplied by Cummings. In 1957 the Kenya Frontier Police were killing Mau Mau terrorists with British Enfield No. 4 rifles bought from Cummings. The same year he equipped the Finnish army with 100,000 Sten submachine guns.

Cummings's warehouses—nine of them bordering the Potomac River docks at Alexandria, Virginia, one in Los Angeles and another near London—presently contain 660,000 small arms,

more than both the American and British armies have in service.

Out of this inventory Cummings can fully equip, at a few days' notice, any infantry corps anywhere. Given slightly longer notice, he can also supply artillery, tanks, submarines, jet fighters. The bulk of his merchandise is foreign government surplus, much of it war booty. The MG-42's he sold West Germany were, ironically, the same machine guns Hitler's *Wehrmacht* abandoned when evacuating the Netherlands.

As foreign governments adopt new ordnance, retiring the old, Cummings or one of his ubiquitous agents is likely to turn up with a gold-plated pistol as a gift to the head of state, and a bid for the surplus weapons. For \$1,000,000 in 1959 Cummings bagged Spain's entire arms surplus. Another \$1,000,000 bought him 600,000 Enfield rifles the British Government decided to sell after reducing the levels of its infantry strength. By last October he had unloaded all the Enfields. Fifty thousand went to Pakistan's border patrols.

There are many arms merchants, both clandestine and legal, but none of the others commands Interarmco's resources. Its foreign branches, affiliates and agencies girdle the globe. Furthermore, it holds exclusive sales franchises throughout most of the western world on the products of the Finnish, Swedish and Dutch national arms factories. The corporation's annual volume of business runs high up in eight figures. Its current net book value exceeds \$10,000,000.

The Geneva *Tribune* recently awarded Cummings the symbolic crown worn by Sir Basil Zaharoff, the inscrutable Greek munitions magnate of the early 1900's, who purportedly fomented wars to create markets for his products. Moscow's *Pravda* denounced the CIA, which



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once employed Cummings, as a silent partner in his "illegal transactions." *Der Spiegel*, a Munich newsweekly, suggested links between Interarmco and various German arms smugglers. Cummings's Munich representative, Hans Joachim Seidenschur, the magazine charged, was arming the Portuguese planters in Angola against the native black rebels.

Last July a Zurich arms merchant named Paul Stauffer fell dead in front of his garage, riddled by five bullets. It was the eighth murder in Switzerland or Germany since 1958 of men believed to have been plying the same trade. The Zurich police theorized that the "Red Hand," a right-wing French terrorist society, killed Stauffer for running guns to the Algerian FLN. His files contained letters from Interarmco. The newspapers failed to report, however, that the letters declined offers of arms from Stauffer. To Cummings's further embarrassment, he learned that Seidenschur had been the close friend of a Hamburg arms dealer, Georg Puchert, who shipped guns to the FLN. Puchert was blown up by a bomb concealed in his car. Cummings fired Seidenschur.

The stories depicting Cummings as Zaharoff *redivivus* amuse more than they irk him. In reality he dare not buy or sell as much as a blunderbuss without a license from the U. S. State Department's Office of Munitions Control, the British War Office, or both, depending on the sphere of influence involved. To evade this jurisdiction would be to jeopardize a business compared to which the operations of gun runners are small potatoes. Thus, the record of Cummings's transactions, whether with Caribbean dictators or libertarian South American presidents, Asian leftist or African conservative leaders, reflects the labyrinthine paths of American and/or British foreign policy.

I had slim hope, when I phoned Cummings before leaving for Monaco, that anybody in his line of business would prove very communicative, but he readily agreed to tell me anything I wanted to know. His voice was jovial. "Good show! I'll meet you alone."

He was the last man I would have picked out of the crowd at Nice airport as a titan of the international arms trade. He seemed even younger than thirty-four, big, bearlike, boyishly voluble. He wore Bermuda shorts, sandals and a vivid Guatemalan sports shirt embroidered with quetzals. He carried my bags to a white Ferrari 250 *Gran Turismo*.

As we slid into Monte Carlo, he chuckled. "Zaharoff lived here too. The idea sort of embarrasses me. Did you read the *Spiegel* article? Rubbish!"

No expletives stronger than "rubbish" and "good show," I found, pass his lips. His speech, like his manner, has the hearty but decorous tone of a scoutmaster. He frequently lapses into Anglicisms, the effect of years spent among the English. He keeps a flat in Mayfair, belongs to the fashionable Devonshire Club, and is the only foreigner

ever elected to the Worshipful Company of Gunmakers.

"Nobody can operate like Zaharoff nowadays," he was saying, and I thought I detected a note of regret. "There was no international arms control then. You sold to anybody who could pay you. But it's physically impossible today to move big loads across frontiers without government help. Smugglers? Sure, there are plenty. But what they smuggle doesn't amount to a row of beans."

We began spiraling up a mountain road. "Do East Bloc dealers try to sell you stuff?" I asked.

"Of course. I wouldn't touch it, though, even if I could get away with it; the price is always out of line."

As for selling arms to Soviet satellites, he pointed out that they don't need them. "Why would they? Russia gives them the latest models. But we Americans, with our overemphasis on nuclear weapons, can't equip two divisions with up-to-date small arms."

"Look, the best heavy machine gun in the world is the Russian 14.5 mm. I found some of the cartridges they were designed to fire in a load of Russo-Finnish War surplus. I tested them on a sample of the steel we use for our armored personnel carriers, which were designed to withstand fifty-caliber cartridges. They went through it like a knife through butter. We have nothing to match the Russian R.P.D. light machine gun either."

He halted the Ferrari before a stylish apartment house and we rode an elevator to the sixth floor, where his combination home and office occupies ten rooms. He introduced me to his wife Irma, a slender, beautiful Swiss girl. She is his second wife. The first, a German, could not adjust herself to his globe-trotting.

Cummings's study bears few signs of the frantic activity one might expect to find at the nerve center of a munitions empire. A German assistant and a part-time French stenographer complete his Monaco staff. He himself types a good deal of his business correspondence. Facing his desk stands a regimental two-pounder mortar, circa 1790; behind him a suit of sixteenth-century German armor. Battle scenes, old sabers and pistols festoon the walls throughout the apartment. Cummings is an insatiable collector of rare weapons and a student of military history.

All ten rooms open onto a terrace overlooking the principality. To distract himself Cummings sometimes trains a pair of binoculars on the palace and observes the prince and princess splashing in the royal swimming pool. He has never met Rainier, but an English sporting-gun firm he controls is fashioning a hunting rifle to the Prince's specifications and Cummings will present it to him.

The fleshpots of the Riviera hold scant allure for Cummings. He never sets foot in the Monte Carlo casino except to humor visiting friends, and then he risks no more than a few francs in the slot machines. He frequents none of the sumptuous restaurants, preferring simple fare,

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especially hamburgers, prepared by his wife. He drinks no alcohol, not even wine, and he doesn't smoke. "I guess I have a puritan streak in me," he says.

We discussed the morality of the arms business. Cummings's conscience is evidently clear. "I feel no more responsibility for what people do with the weapons I sell them," he said, "than an automobile manufacturer feels for traffic deaths. I won't turn down any profitable trade I can get a license for. It's not my job to be a moral judge of humanity.

"If you believe dealing in arms is evil, then to be logical you should refuse to pay your income tax because the government spends two thirds of it on weapons."

Yet, paradoxically, he later cited as perfect embodiments of his moral philosophy two short stories—Kipling's *Miracle of Purun Baghat* and Tolstói's *What Men Live By*. Both exemplify the same moral code: The good man loves and accepts responsibility for his fellow men.

Cummings's passion for weapons burgeoned early. He was five when an American Legion post in his native Philadelphia junked some World War I relics. A German Maxim machine gun wound up in the Cummings home, a gift from a legionnaire friend, and little Sam spent blissful months dismantling and reassembling the mechanism. "I guess," he says, "that was the start of my nefarious career."

He springs from Philadelphia Main Line stock. He was provided with governesses and expensive primary schooling. An inheritance spared his father the need for any toil more rigorous than tending his stock-market investments—until the Wall Street crash wiped him out, and he went to work as manager of an electrical-supply house. Soon afterward, when Sam was eight, his father died, leaving the family in a poor way. His widow found employment with a real-estate firm and earned enough money to send Sam to Philadelphia's elite Episcopal Academy. The Latin motto embroidered on the academy blazers he later adopted as Interarmco's motto—*Esse Quam Videri* (To Be Rather Than to Seem).

Reaching draft age toward the end of the war, Cummings served in the infantry at Camp Lee. Upon his discharge he entered George Washington University in Washington, D.C., and won a bachelor-of-arts degree. On the side he ferreted out ancient weapons to sell to other enthusiasts.

Tantalized by visions of the arms he knew lay thick on Europe's battlefields, Cummings interrupted his studies to travel abroad. In the Falaise gap, where the Allies trapped ten German divisions, he beheld, during the summer of 1948, rifles and machine guns, many of them still clutched by the hands of skeletons the French had not buried for fear of booby traps, and guns were piled like cordwood in the fields, awaiting removal. Such technically obsolete matériel, Cummings reckoned, the French Government

would sell cheaply to anybody with the means to transport it. But his capital then totaled eight dollars, and his only income was his sixty-five-dollars-a-month GI Bill of Rights payment.

As soon as he got home, he wrote to the Western Arms Corporation of Los Angeles, which caters to collectors and sportsmen, offering himself as a scout. Before he received any encouragement, the Korean War broke out and the CIA found use for his special talent. At the spy agency's Washington headquarters he devoted the next eighteen months to identifying the makes of North Korean weapons from photographs. To nobody's astonishment the majority proved to be Russian. He quit when Western Arms agreed to hire him at a salary of \$5600 a year plus one eighth of 1 percent commission.

Roaming the world, subsisting on his expense account, Cummings banked \$25,000 in two years. With that sum he launched Interarmco. In his business correspondence and sales pitch he grandly referred to himself in the third person. "So people wouldn't suspect that Interarmco's entire staff was me."

After registering, as Federal regulations require, with the Treasury Department and the Office of Munitions Control, he cast about for his first batch of weapons. While scouting Panama for Western Arms he had come to know the chief of police, Col. Boliyar Vallerino. He revisited him. Did Panama perhaps have any surplus to dispose of? She did indeed—no less than 7000 small arms. Panama's President José Antonio Remón—later assassinated—being considered friendly to the United States, the Office of Munitions Control granted an import license. The deal cost Cummings almost his entire starting capital. But he was able to sell the lot at a modest profit to Western Arms.

Masking his extreme youth behind sober attire and a grave demeanor Cummings began canvassing the foreign embassies in Washington. The Dominican military attaché extended the warmest welcome and urged him to visit the republic. There Cummings was received by Trujillo himself. Where, the dictator asked him, could they get some jet fighters. As it happened, Cummings knew where.

He had already established connections abroad with a number of commercial agents, and from his man in Sweden he had learned that the Swedish Government might be persuaded to part with twenty-six Vampire jets. Cummings cabled a bid. The price he quoted the Dominicans was \$3,500,000. What he offered the Swedes remains a golden secret between him and Internal Revenue. The Swedes accepted. Reluctant, however, to assume full moral responsibility for arming the likes of Trujillo, they interposed a condition: Washington must allow the shipment transit through the U.S.

While Cummings waited on tenterhooks, the State Department pondered the effect of such a transaction on the peace of the Caribbean. The

crucial factor, Cummings believes, was the relative military potential of "El Benefactor" and Venezuela's despotic President Jiménez. The two countries lie barely an hour apart by jet, and relations between them were growing strained. The year before, Jiménez had obtained twenty-five Vampires from England's de-Havilland Aircraft. If the enemies were to achieve air parity, neither would be apt to attack the other. Cummings got his license. Sweden shipped the jets to New York, and there Dominican freighters picked them up.

Five years later Cummings chanced to see those same jets take off for action against another Trujillo enemy. He had returned to the Dominican capital to complete the sale of 25,000 rifles, when Cuban-based rebels landed near Puerto Plata. The Vampires strafed them on the beach. Farmers wielding machetes killed most of the survivors.

The jet sale, Cummings's first bonanza, enabled him to swing a barter deal with Guatemala. Against a small-arms surplus of 80,000 pieces and ammunition he traded \$250,000 worth of military field equipment.

The American dealers could not absorb so huge a treasure, so Cummings leased the first of his Alexandria warehouses. At the same time he established legitimate claim to the use of the corporate "we" by recruiting several young gun fanatics to run the American end of the business while he drummed up foreign trade. There are now four of them, and Cummings has willed them the corporation. The general manager is Peter Beer, who fled his native Austria after the Nazi *Anschluss* and served as a combat intelligence officer with a U.S. paratroop squadron; the sales manager, Richard Winter, a former bombardier; the treasurer, Frank Slye of Washington; the liaison man with the State Department, Richard Breed, a direct descendant of the Union general George Gordon Meade. Interarmco also sells surplus foreign uniforms. When working around the warehouses, both executives and rank-and-file employees wear fatigues which vary according to the stock on hand. Last year it was *Afrika Korps* issue, this year it's British Royal Navy.

Until 1959, when the State Department banned the sale of arms in the Caribbean, Interarmco's business in that smoldering area flourished. Trujillo remained a steady customer. Batista's troops, tracking the *Fidelistas* through Oriente Province, carried Thompson submachine and Browning heavy machine guns exported to them by Cummings. Before the U.S. embargo, Castro received the first fifty of what was to have been a big consignment of Armalite AR-10 rifles, a new model developed by Fairchild Engine and Airplane. "If we'd had some sooner," Castro told him, "we'd have won sooner." Czechoslovakia's Omnipol Trading Organization now furnishes most of Castro's munitions.

In 1955 Costa Rican exiles, abetted by Nicaragua's dictator Anastasio Somoza, invaded their homeland, hoping to destroy the democratic

regime of President José Figueres. Among the arms Somoza slipped them were Italian Beretta pistols and Danish Madsen submachine guns, bought from Cummings. Costa Rica's loyalist militia, supported by air cover, turned back the rebels with 2000 M-1 rifles, 1000 thirty-caliber Browning machine guns and 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition—also supplied by Cummings.

Cummings confesses to a certain affinity for successful dictators. "They have a sense of order and they pay their bills promptly," he maintains. Of Trujillo he observes, "A pleasant person to deal with. He ran an excellent government. He wasn't quite as black as the press painted him." Of Batista, "As fascinating a self-made man as you'd want to meet."

The loss of his Caribbean market did not greatly distress Cummings, for by then he had created corporations abroad. Thanks to Cummings, Liberia's President William Tubman rejoices in the possession of 2000 Springfield rifles with extra-long chrome-plated bayonets. For the arsenals of the Sudan, Africa's biggest nation, Cummings recently shipped \$2,800,000 worth of AR-10's. Tito is now augmenting Yugoslavia's ordnance by purchases from Interarmco of the same rifle.

What Cummings banks on to keep Interarmco heavily stocked is the rapid obsolescence of modern combat weapons. The Nike Ajax, for example, was superseded after five years by the Hercules, and Cummings now hopes to buy some British Thunderbirds—equivalent to the Hercules—for resale to a nervous Middle East oil potentate. But many arms become obsolete only in terms of total war. For limited conflicts, like those fought in Korea, Laos and Vietnam, guns dating from both World Wars still kill efficiently.

At first blush it seems incredible that Cummings can find so many cash customers when the United States gives away billions of dollars a year in military aid to anti-Soviet countries. The United States, however, may elect to sell armaments, as it did in the recent case of the jets Tito wanted. Moreover, miles of red tape may have to be unraveled before a foreign government can obtain military aid, whereas Interarmco is geared to make fast deliveries. At times, too, the available U.S. ordnance does not meet foreign specifications. But Interarmco can often equip infantry units of a foreign country with small arms originally manufactured for that country.

Big as they are, Cummings's military deals account for only about half his total volume. In the United States and England he exploits four different nonmilitary markets. Being a connoisseur of rare weapons, he combs every lot he buys for curios to tempt people of similar bent, of whom he estimates America alone has at least 5000.

Next come sportsmen, with thin pocketbooks, who crave cheap weapons. This market is inexhaustible. Last year state and federal agencies issued some 22,000,000 hunting licenses. Interarmco offers some brand-new guns at a fraction of

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the original price. A recent British lot, for example, included 9000 unused Colt .45 automatics. Interarmco's price is \$34.95. Almost identical Colts normally retail at \$78.25. Such price-cutting does not endear Cummings to the American small-arms industry.

In another class are wealthier marksmen who demand custom-made guns, a prestige market. Interarmco owns 55 percent of two of England's poshest sporting-rifle firms, Churchill and Cogswell & Harrison, whose hand-crafted guns may run as high as \$2000 apiece.

Finally there are sales and rentals to movie studios, a sideline which nets Interarmco \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year. Many of the props for *The Guns of Navarone*, *Lawrence of Arabia* and countless horse operas came from Interarmco.

While Cummings dismisses with a laugh the stories casting him as the mastermind of the underground arms traffic, he does not take lightly a petition now before the Office of Emergency Planning Co-ordinator in Washington, D.C. If granted, it would wreck his domestic trade. Submitted by six sporting-rifle companies, among them Winchester and Remington, it seeks to reduce the import quotas of obsolete foreign military rifles by more than 95 percent. These bargain weapons, the petitioners maintain, imperil national security. How? By cutting so deeply into the sales of new American rifles as to force the manufacturers to lay off skilled labor, with the result they have been unable to meet their schedules on government contracts for combat weapons.

Cummings countered the threat by organizing a lobby representing eighteen importers. He contends that the 1958 recession, not competition, occasioned the layoffs and that the petitioners' real motive is monopolistic.

Cummings became a resident of Monaco last year. "I'm an economic exile," he told me. "I don't prefer life abroad, but in America nobody starting from scratch can accumulate capital any more. It's an immoral situation. What Internal Revenue doesn't take you have to sink into new stock. Interarmco, Virginia, of course, still pays a fifty-two percent Federal corporate tax, an eleven percent import excise and a five and a half percent state tax. But the business I can administer from Monaco is taxed only one percent, and there's no personal income tax."

Though Cummings now employs 200 people, he trusts no one but himself to size up a prospective deal, so that dearly as he loves to bask in the Riviera sun by his wife's side, he spends six to eight months a year on the road. I quote from my diary of the trip I took with him:

September seventeenth. Wife Irma drives us to Nice airport for 10:50 A.M. flight to Athens via Rome. Cummings lugs crocodile briefcase stuffed with blank contracts, brochures touting wares: ONLY INTERARMCO BRINGS YOU A SUPERB MODERN ANTITANK WEAPON. . . . WHY BE UNDER-

GUNNED? Also magnet to test quality of cartridge cases. Also micrometer to measure wear of gun bores. Also, to delouse hotel room in Far East back country, bug bombs.

Rome airport. Lunch with Interarmco Italian agent. Valuable man. Has office opposite War Ministry and inside track on surplus. But nothing available since purchase last year of 25,000 carbines.

Athens. Met by agent Kariotoglou with inventory of Greek Army surplus awaiting Cummings's inspection: 30,000 odds and ends. "Good show!"

September eighteenth. 8:30 A.M. K. whisks us to 3rd Ordnance Depot at Menidi. We sip Turkish coffee gritty as crankcase oil, courtesy of depot commander, Colonel Tsarpalas. Cummings spot-checks surplus. Gazes wistfully at World War I cannon by gate, but not for sale. "I could sell it for a thousand dollars in the States as a garden ornament."

Back to Athens and Army HQ for talk with ordnance chief. Deal clinched. Exact figure classified information, but "something under \$100,000."

September nineteenth. IRAN. A key bastion against Soviet expansion southward, and U. S. technical mission is struggling hard to bring country out of Stone into Atomic Age. American weapons pouring in. Last year agreement reached in principle for Cummings to buy obsolete small arms, of which Iran has millions' worth. Question is how much and when. Agent Ali Dadshaw reports no answer possible this trip because Shah in Paris and nothing ever decided without him.

Cummings tours arsenals, charming commanding officers. Devours gobs of Iran's most edible delicacy—fresh caviar, costing about 1383 reals per pound, or seventeen dollars (price in the U.S.: \$38.50).

And so to New Delhi by midnight plane, arriving more dead than alive.

September twentieth. Little time for sleep. Agent Asrani has arranged series of palavers at defense ministry. Object: a trade-in deal, co-ordinating Indian surplus-disposal program with deliveries of new basic infantry rifles.

"How can you be sure," I ask Cummings, "your customers won't reexport to some black-listed government?"

"We can't. But every contract we write contains a clause stipulating against reexport to any government. Far as I know, it's never been violated."

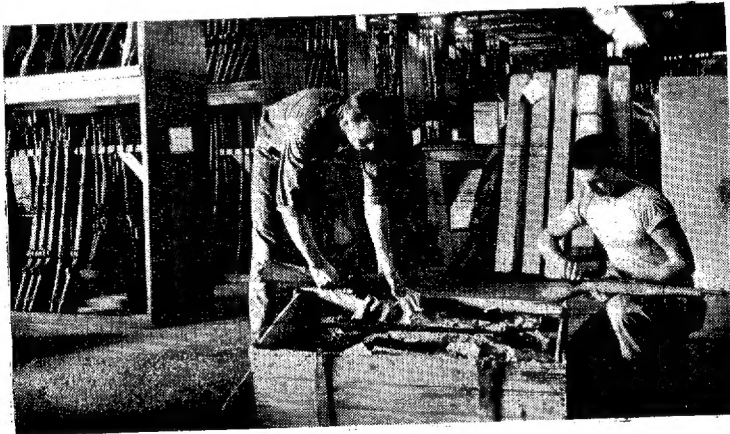
September twenty-second. Mornings between eight and nine Nehru likes to stroll in ministerial garden. Security officers permitting, anybody can stroll with him. Asrani gets us cleared.

"What do you want me to do?" Prime Minister asks Cummings.

"Not a thing, Mr. Nehru," Cummings replies, flashing boyish grin. "We only want to pay our respects." Press photographers snap great neutralist chatting with great arms merchant.

One of Cummings's eleven warehouses. They contain 600,000 rifles, 50,000 pistols, 10,000 machine guns, 100,000,000 cartridges.

"I feel no more responsibility for what people do with the weapons I sell them than an automobile manufacturer feels for traffic deaths."



"IT'S NOT MY JOB TO BE A MORAL JUDGE OF HUMANITY."

September twenty-third. Bangkok. Interarmco agent here is young American, David Cumberland, formerly employed by U. S. Military Assistance Advisory Group. If he lands huge Thai surplus, he stands to make a packet in commissions. No cinch, though. "You can't name a bid just like that," he says. "If you show too much interest, the Oriental mind gets suspicious. They figure the stuff must be worth more."

Cumberland rounds up influential Thais for lunch. Prize catch: Prime Minister's son.

September twenty-fourth. I notice revolver sticking out of Cumberland's pants pocket. He explains, "There's this agent for another American outfit, a native Thai, who's after the surplus too. You never know. Business competition out here can be kind of rugged."

Not time enough for me to get visas to all countries left on Cummings's itinerary. So we part. Last I see of him in Bangkok he's haring off to barbershop to have head shaved and so frustrate lice in lice-infested Indonesia.

I met Cummings again three weeks later at Interarmco's Alexandria depot, where he filled me in on the rest of his expedition—Singapore (to shop for British-police surplus), Indonesia (to visit arsenals scattered from Sumatra to Bali, the first Westerner so privileged), Melbourne (to study the progress of a new arms-disposal program), Wellington (ditto), finally the long haul to Alexandria via Fiji, Honolulu and Los Angeles.

In Bangkok to buy surplus arms, Cummings entertains influential contacts. At left: the son of Thailand's Prime Minister Sarit Thanarat.

On his junket through the Orient, the great arms merchant stopped "to pay his respects" to "a great neutralist," Nehru of India.



For a man who cherishes the creature comforts as much as Cummings does, Indonesia must have been rough going. The best hotel in Djakarta, the capital, has no running water. There is no water safe to drink and no palatable food except fruit. He lived for ten days on bananas. At night he kept his clothes in his suitcase. "No telling what will crawl into them," he said. In East Java, rebel bands make travel by car hazardous. To insure Cummings air priorities, the Indonesians gave him the temporary rank of colonel.

Cummings's fortitude was rewarded with the fattest plum of the trip. His Djakarta agent is cozily situated, being President Sukarno's cousin, and he helped negotiate the sale of a \$1,000,000 hoard of World War II weapons. Cummings departed, unwashed, famished and exhausted, but with a contract in his crocodile briefcase.

Back in Alexandria, he had barely greeted general manager Beer when word came from the Irish government accepting an offer of \$225,000 for 65,000 Enfields. With a cry of "Good show!" Cummings was off to Dublin to expedite delivery.

Before leaving he showed me around Interarmco's retail and mail-order annex, known to gun buffs as Hunters Lodge.

"Do you do any shooting yourself?" I asked him as he lovingly fingered an M-91 Mauser Sporter.

"A little target practice," he said, "but I don't hunt much. I dislike killing things."

"I'M AN EXILE BECAUSE IN AMERICA NOBODY CAN ACCUMULATE CAPITAL ANY MORE"



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